TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!
10c
No.9
EERIE
HANDS of DEATH
PHANTOM HITCH-HIKER
HAUNTED MELODY
DEATH on SKIIS

Supermouse
STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
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COSMO CAT
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STRANGE MYSTERIES
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MYSTERY Tales
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EERIE
EXCITING COMICS
CASPER CAT
DARING ADVENTURES

EERIE

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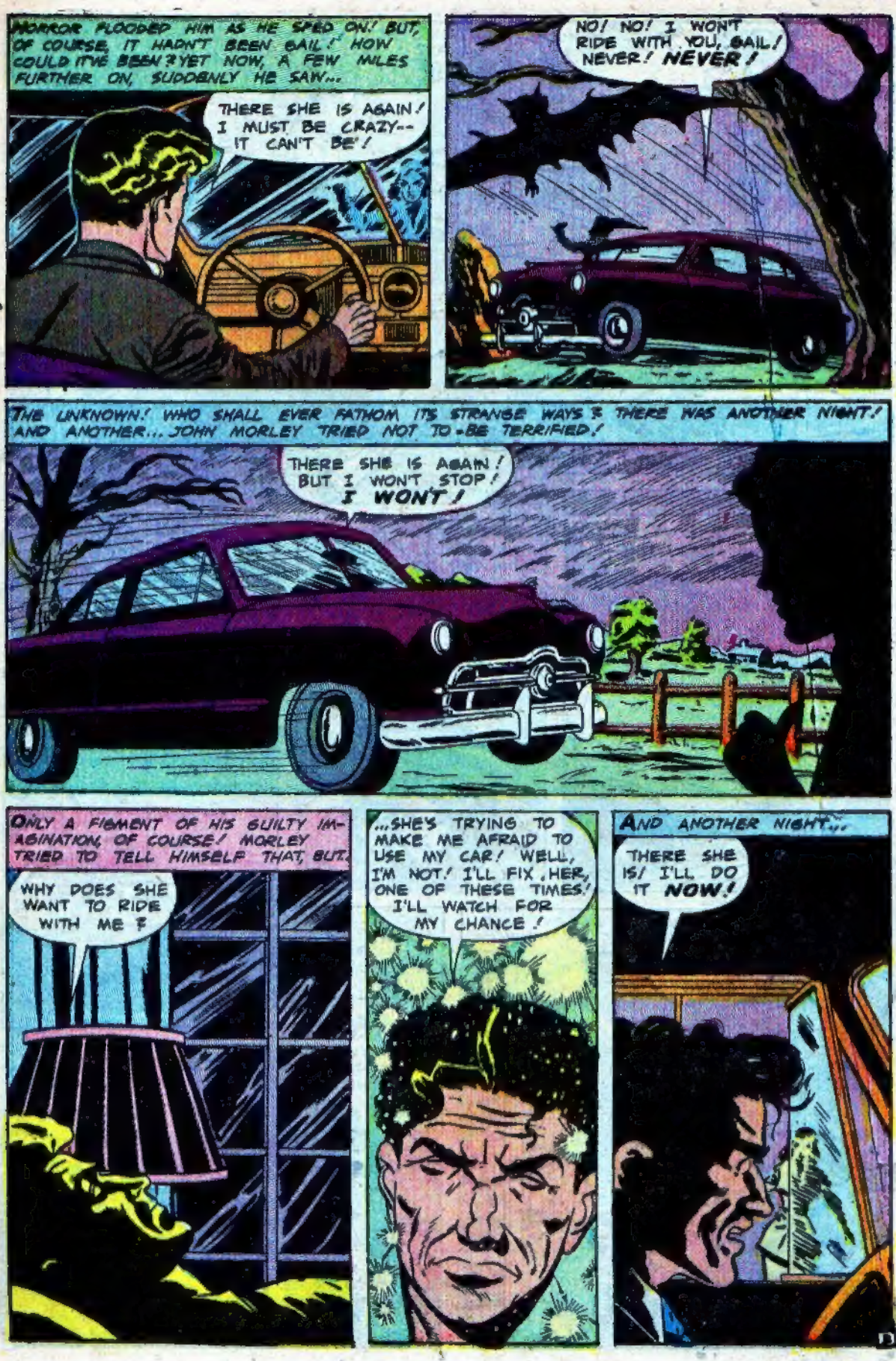
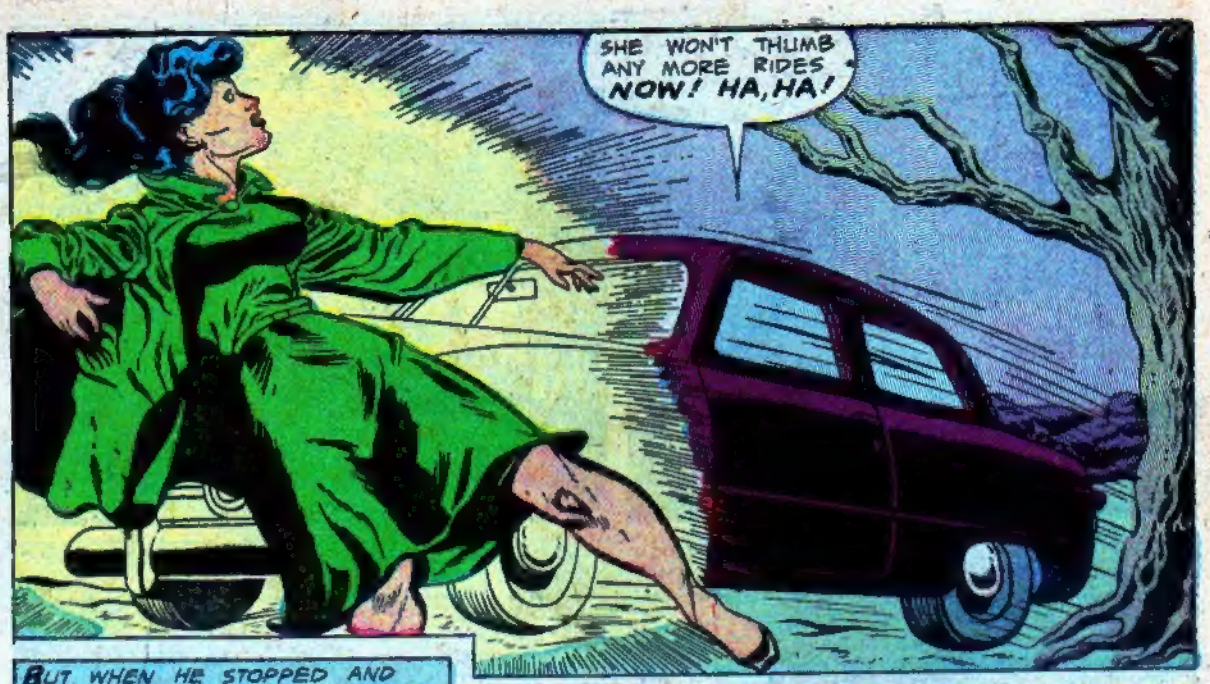
the PHANTOM HITCH-HIKER

THE AUTOMOBILE IS A GOOD WEAPON WITH WHICH TO KILL! JOHN MORLEY FOUND IT SO WHEN HE MURDERED BEAUTIFUL GAIL GORDON AND MADE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT! BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL THE STRANGE FORCES OF THE UNKNOWN! GRIM JUSTICE WAS METED OUT TO JOHN MORLEY, WHEN HE ENCOUNTERED... THE PHANTOM HITCH-HIKER!

AT TWENTY-TWO, GAIL GORDON WAS LEGAL MISTRESS OF HER FATHER'S ESTATE. SHE HAD LET JOHN MORLEY, HER GUARDIAN, CONTROL IT FROM THE TIME SHE HAD INHERITED IT, BECAUSE SHE WAS ABSORBED WITH HER MUSICAL CAREER—BUT, NOW...

MORLEY HAD, THROUGH THE YEARS, STOLEN MOST OF HER MONEY!
WE'LL STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT TOMORROW! WE'LL GET AN AUDITOR TO CHECK EVERYTHING!
YOU'RE GOING MUCH FARTHER THAN EUROPE, MY DEAR GIRL!
ER, YES, GAIL!
SHE DID NOT NOTICE THAT HE HAD UNLOCKED THE CAR DOOR BESIDE HIM--AND AS THEY SPED ONTO THE BRIDGE...
SURE! YOU'RE GOIN' ON A TRIP, ALL RIGHT! A LONG JOURNEY! HA, HA!
JOHN! JOHN!
THE CAR SWERVED VIOLENTLY AS MORLEY LEAPED OUT!
GOODBYE, GAIL! HA, HA!
AA!IEEE!!
CRASH!
NO ONE KNEW THAT JOHN MORLY WAS DRIVING WITH GAIL THAT NIGHT. HER BODY WAS FOUND AT THE WHEEL OF HER CAR, DEEP IN THE GORGE.
NO, ONE WILL EVER KNOW!
NO ONE IN THE WORLD!--BUT BEYOND THE BORDER--IN THAT MYSTERIOUS REALM WE CALL THE UNKNOWN--WHAT JOHN MORLEY HAD DONE WAS NO SECRET!..AND ABOUT A WEEK LATER,
BEAUTIFUL NIGHT FOR A DRIVE!...
MORLEY NEVER STOPPED FOR HITCH-HIKERS, BUT THE TRIM FIGURE OF THIS GIRL AS SHE STOOD THUMBING A RIDE WAS INTERESTING, AND...
I'LL PICK HER UP!..DON'T MIND A COMPANION LIKE HER ON THIS NICE MOONLIT NIGHT.
HE SLAMMED ON HIS BRAKES, AND...
TAKE ME ALONG A FEW MILES, MISTER?
GAIL! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!


HORROR FLOODED HIM AS HE SPED ON! BUT, OF COURSE, IT HADN'T BEEN GAIL! HOW COULD IT'VE BEEN? YET NOW, A FEW MILES FURTHER ON, SUDDENLY HE SAW...
THERE SHE IS AGAIN! I MUST BE CRAZY-- IT CAN'T BE!
NO! NO! I WON'T RIDE WITH YOU, GAIL! NEVER! NEVER!
THE UNKNOWN! WHO SHALL EVER FATHOM ITS STRANGE WAYS? THERE WAS ANOTHER NIGHT! AND ANOTHER... JOHN MORLEY TRIED NOT TO BE TERRIFIED!
THERE SHE IS AGAIN! BUT I WON'T STOP! I WON'T!
ONLY A FIGMENT OF HIS GUILTY IMAGINATION, OF COURSE! MORLEY TRIED TO TELL HIMSELF THAT, BUT...
WHY DOES SHE WANT TO RIDE WITH ME?
...SHE'S TRYING TO MAKE ME AFRAID TO USE MY CAR! WELL, I'M NOT! I'LL FIX HER, ONE OF THESE TIMES! I'LL WATCH FOR MY CHANCE!
AND ANOTHER NIGHT...
THERE SHE IS! I'LL DO IT NOW!



BUT WHEN HE STOPPED AND RAN BACK...

HER BODY ISN'T HERE! WHA—?

UTTER HORROR FLOODED MORLEY! ALL HE COULD THINK OF WAS THAT HE MUST SPEED HOME! AS HE STARTED...

...THERE SHE IS! DID I DREAM I RAN OVER HER! I— I MUST GET HOME! I'LL NEVER DRIVE A CAR AGAIN!

A STORM WAS COMING UP! MORLEY DROVE FRANTICALLY, BUT AT A CROSSROAD, A TRAFFIC LIGHT STOPPED HIM. AND AS HIS CAR STOOD THERE, SUDDENLY...

RIDE ME ALONG A FEW MILES, MISTER?

WHA—?

MORLEY HAD NO CHANCE TO DO ANYTHING BUT DRIVE ON! TRAFFIC WAS CROWDING HIM, AND...

HEY! GET GOING!

FOOD

HONK! HONK!

AND AS JOHN MORLEY SPED FORWARD INTO THE STORMY NIGHT...

SO HERE WE ARE AGAIN, JOHN! RIDING TOGETHER! HOW NICE!

GET OUT OF THE CAR! YOU— YOU GHASTLY THING!

NOW MORLEY REALIZED THAT HE WAS SPEEDING OUT ONTO THE CANYON BRIDGE, AND...
AFRAID TO DRIVE, JOHN? WELL, IF YOU'RE NERVOUS, LET ME STEER! I'M NOT AFRAID! NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING--NOW!
NO! NO! HELP! HELP!
YOU HELPED ME STEER ONCE, REMEMBER?
STOP! STOP!
YOU LAUGHED LAST TIME! HA, HA! REMEMBER?
HELP! HELP!
GOODBYE, JOHN! HA,HA,HA,HA!
AAIIIEEEEE!
THEN, FAR DOWN IN THE GORGE... JUST SILENT WRECKAGE...
AND LATER:..
HE'S DEAD!
GOOD THING HE WAS ALONE! NOBODY COULD LIVE THROUGH A CRASH LIKE THAT!
JUST ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT AT RED GORGE!
END

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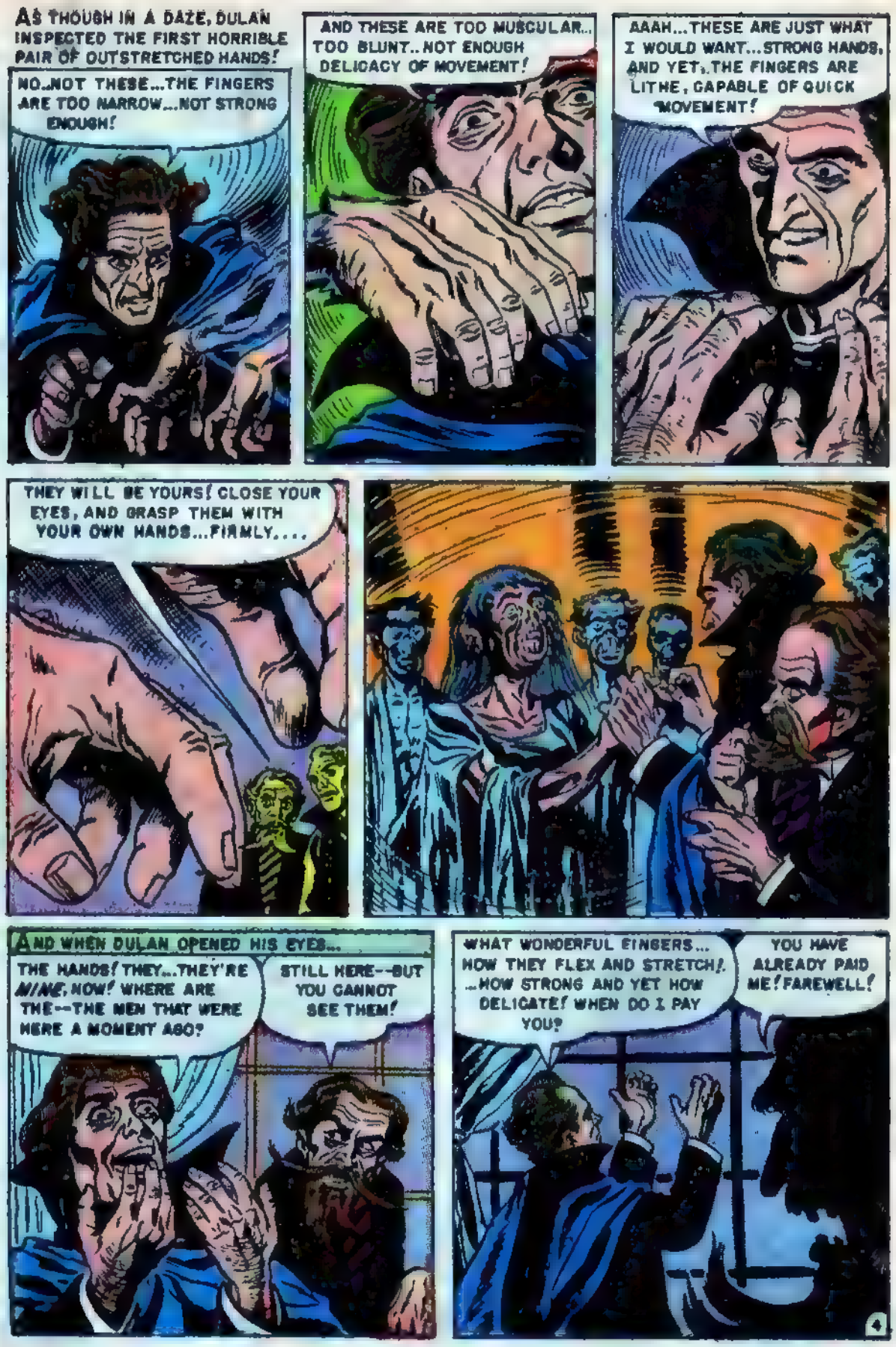
12
12

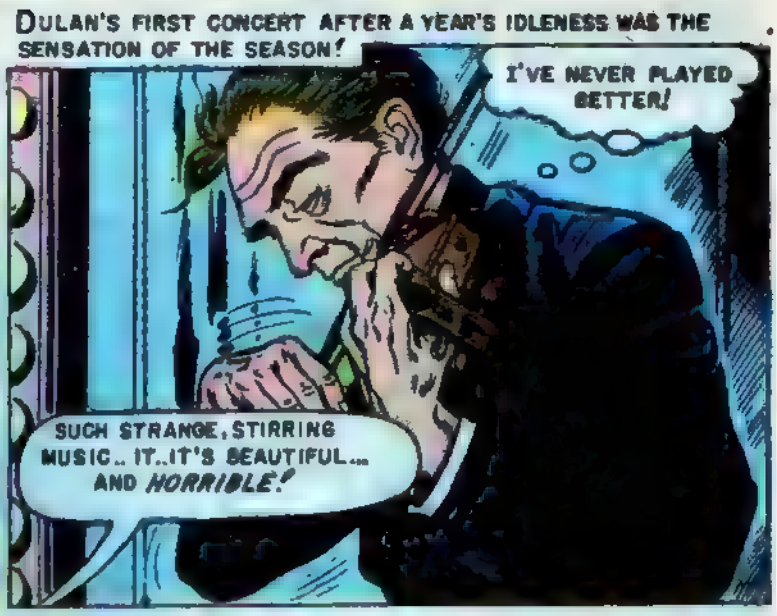
The HANDS of DEATH!

HE WENT FROM DOCTOR TO DOCTOR...AND ALWAYS IT WAS THE SAME STORY...
CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING TO LOOSEN THE MUSCLES... MAKE MY FINGERS REALLY ALIVE ONCE AGAIN?
SORRY, DULAN! THERE'S NOTHING MEDICAL SCIENCE CAN DO FOR YOU!
THEN ONE NIGHT HE HAPPENED TO OVERHEAR A WHISPERED NAME. IT STRUCK AN ECHO IN HIS MEMORY, AND...
HIS NAME IS NECROS! DR. NECROS. THEY SAY HE CAN DO ANYTHING... EVEN BRING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE!
NECROS! I REMEMBER THAT NAME! A PRACTITIONER OF THE ANCIENT ART OF BLACK MAGIC!
I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE... WHY NOT BLACK MAGIC? I'D GLADLY TRADE MY SOUL TO MAKE THESE HANDS NEW!
EAGERLY, DULAN SOUGHT NECROS' ADDRESS IN THE CITY PHONE BOOK, BUT...
NECRUMOS... NECTER... IT ISN'T HERE!
AND THEN...
THAT'S STRANGE. I'D SWEAR IT WASN'T THERE A MOMENT AGO! CAN HE KNOW ALREADY THAT I'M SEEKING HIM!? I'LL GO THERE AT ONCE!
DR. NECROS
I WISTERIA DR
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, GLEAMING DULLY IN THE MOONLIGHT LIKE THE BLEACHED BONES OF THE DROWNED, STOOD THE WALLS OF NECROS' ISOLATED MANSION...
THERE'S SOMETHING FRIGHTENING ABOUT THIS PLACE, AND YET I MUST ENTER!
2

DULAN'S FEAR TURNED TO TERROR WHEN HE SAW NECROS FACE TO FACE!
I CAN GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT...BUT ARE YOU PREPARED TO PAY THE PRICE?
YES! YES! I'LL PAY ANYTHING!
THE PRICE IS NOT ANYTHING... IT IS EVERYTHING! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
WHATEVER IT IS, I'LL PAY IT...ONLY, FIX MY HANDS!
I'M NOT GOING TO FIX YOUR HANDS... I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU NEW ONES! YOU WILL CHOOSE THEM YOURSELF!
HE MUST BE MAD...AND YET.. HE SEEMS SO SURE OF HIMSELF! WHAT HAVE I TO LOSE?
SUDDENLY, WORDS CRACKLED FROM NECROS' LIPS, AND THE ROOM FILLED WITH A WRITHING CLOUD OF MIST, LADEN WITH THE ROTTEN STENCH OF DEATH!
IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION... AND YET I'M SURE I SEE STRANGE SHAPES AND FORMS IN THAT UNEARTHLY MIST!
SWIFTLY THE VAGUE SHAPES MATERIALIZED FROM THE REEKING FOG, AND...
THERE! CHOOSE YOUR HANDS! WHICHEVER ONES YOU WANT WILL BE YOURS!
3


AS THOUGH IN A DAZE, DULAN INSPECTED THE FIRST HORRIBLE PAIR OF OUTSTRETCHED HANDS!
NO..NOT THESE...THE FINGERS ARE TOO NARROW...NOT STRONG ENOUGH!
AND THESE ARE TOO MUSCULAR... TOO BLUNT..NOT ENOUGH DELICACY OF MOVEMENT!
AAAH...THESE ARE JUST WHAT I WOULD WANT...STRONG HANDS, AND YET, THE FINGERS ARE LITHE, CAPABLE OF QUICK MOVEMENT!
THEY WILL BE YOURS! CLOSE YOUR EYES, AND GRASP THEM WITH YOUR OWN HANDS...FIRMLY....
AND WHEN DULAN OPENED HIS EYES...
THE HANDS! THEY...THEY'RE MINE, NOW! WHERE ARE THE--THE MEN THAT WERE HERE A MOMENT AGO?
STILL HERE--BUT YOU CANNOT SEE THEM!
WHAT WONDERFUL FINGERS... HOW THEY FLEX AND STRETCH!.. ...HOW STRONG AND YET HOW DELICATE! WHEN DO I PAY YOU?
YOU HAVE ALREADY PAID ME! FAREWELL!
4

THE FOOL! HE THINKS THE HANDS BELONG TO HIM... BUT HE BELONGS TO THEM!

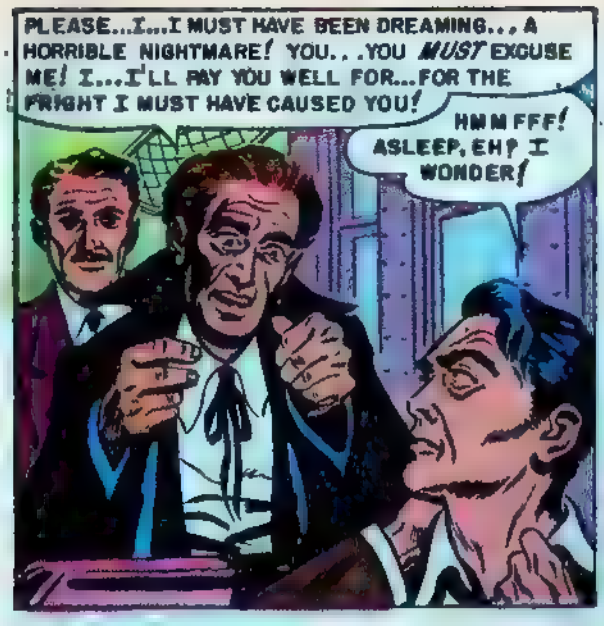

DULAN'S FIRST CONCERT AFTER A YEAR'S IDLENESS WAS THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON!
I'VE NEVER PLAYED BETTER!
SUCH STRANGE, STIRRING MUSIC.. IT..IT'S BEAUTIFUL... AND HORRIBLE!

ON HIS WAY HOME, DULAN'S MIND WAS FILLED WITH THE APPLAUSE AND PRAISE EVOKED BY HIS PLAYING..
AHHH..IF NEGROS ONLY KNEW HOW HAPPY HE'S MADE ME...WITH THESE NEW HANDS! I...I'LL BE THE GREATEST VIOLINIST OF THE AGE!

AND, WHILE DULAN WAS BUSY WITH HIS DREAMS, HIS HANDS WERE BUSY, TOO...
THE CRITICS HAVE NEVER BEEN SO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT MY PLAYING! JUST WAIT TILL I LEARN EVERYTHING THESE HANDS CAN DO!

UNKNOWN TO HIM, WITH A CUNNING WILL OF THEIR OWN, THE HANDS REACHED OUT! THE FINGERS, LIKE TEN VICIOUS, WRITHING SERPENTS, CLUTCHED AND GRASPED...AND SQUEEZED!
ACK ACK

ARE YOU CRAZY? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?
WHAT? GOOD LORD! MY HANDS!
8

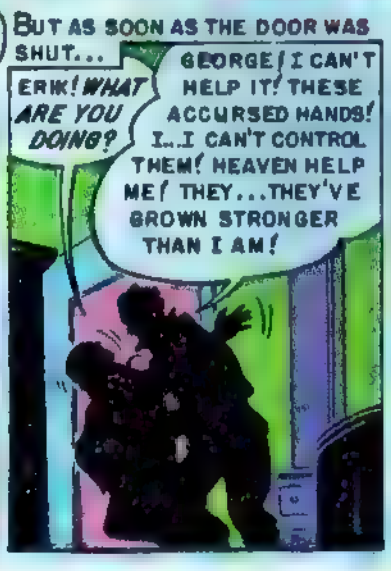

PLEASE...I...I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING... A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! YOU...YOU *MUST* EXCUSE ME! I...I'LL PAY YOU WELL FOR...FOR THE FRIGHT I MUST HAVE CAUSED YOU!
HMM FFF! ASLEEP, EH? I WONDER!

FOR THE REST OF THE TRIP, DULAN KEPT HIS HANDS FOLDED IN FRONT OF HIM...
I MUST WATCH THEM... KEEP WATCHING THEM ...EVERY MINUTE... EVERY SECOND!

HE GOT OFF AT THE FIRST STOP, REGISTERED IN A HOTEL, AND LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM...
THEY'RE HORRIBLE...WICKED...WHENEVER I PASSED SOMEONE ON THE STREET, I FELT THEM ACHING TO CLAW AT THE WARM FLESH OF HIS THROAT!

AND THEN, ONE DAY, THERE WAS A KNOCK ON DULAN'S DOOR...
DULAN! YOU MUST OPEN! YOU *MUST!*
IT... IT'S GEORGE EVANS... MY BEST FRIEND! I'LL TELL HIM THE WHOLE STORY... MAYBE HE CAN HELP!
RAP-RAP! RAP!

ERIK! GOOD LORD, MAN! WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU? YOU... YOU LOOK GHASTLY! I'VE BEEN SEARCHING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU! I FINALLY LOCATED...
COME IN... I'LL EXPLAIN EVERY-THING!


BUT AS SOON AS THE DOOR WAS SHUT...
ERIK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
GEORGE! I CAN'T HELP IT! THESE ACCURSED HANDS! I...I CAN'T CONTROL THEM! HEAVEN HELP ME! THEY...THEY'VE GROWN STRONGER THAN I AM!

MOMENTS LATER...
I...I MUST SEE NEGROS AT ONCE. GET HIM TO TAKE THEM BACK... *HE MUST TAKE THEM BACK!*
YOU... YOU'VE KILLED HIM!

OF A CITY-WIDE SEARCH, DULAN SPED TO NECROS' GRIM MANSION...

BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF NECROS, AND ALL DULAN HEARD WAS THE HOLLOW ECHO OF HIS OWN VOICE AND A HINT OF HORRIBLE SPECTRAL LAUGHTER FROM THE DARK CORNERS OF THE ROOM...

AND AS DULAN LEFT...

LATER, AT THE STATION HOUSE...

WAS IT HIS IMAGINATION, OR WAS DULAN'S CELL REALLY FILLED WITH THE ASHEN FIGURES OF THE LONG DEAD...MOCKING HIM UNMERCIFULLY?

The THING from the GRAVE!

If I hadn't decided to major in archeology none of this would have happened. But just as soon as I attended my first class and heard the handsome young professor explain how the history of mankind can be read in bits of bone and pottery dug out of the earth, I knew that this was the only subject I wanted to study.

Looking back, however, I have to admit that the fact that Professor Richard Jones was so attractive may have had something to do with my decision. And after I had attended his class only six times, he kept me after school, supposedly to discuss a special problem. But we both knew what the problem was, and it was only a matter of weeks before we were engaged.

It was Dick who told me about the old Indian tribe that had lived in our own hundreds of years ago.

"Might be a lot of interesting stuff waiting for someone to dig it up," he said. "The trouble is, though—the tribe lived on the piece of land that is now the graveyard! Can't very well go around digging up graves, can we?"

I looked at him in amazement. "My goodness, why not?" I asked. "It's all in the interests of science and human knowledge!"

He looked dubious. "Well," he said, "it's one thing to go digging in a bunch of foreign, deserted tombs, but it's another thing to start ripping up the graves in your own town's cemetery!"

Then I got the idea. "Richard!" I squealed. "Let's go there tonight! We'll only dig for a little while. Nobody will see us, an' think of what fun it would be if we found something really important!"

He tried to protest, but when I make up my mind to do something—well, he didn't struggle long....

The cemetery was dark. We moved well into the center of it, so that we would be completely out of sight of any curious passers-by. I lighted the lantern we had brought with us, and set it down on the nearest gravestone. "Might as well start to dig right here, Richard," I told him.

Richard gave a resigned shrug and started to swing the pick up to his shoulder. Then suddenly he stopped. "Look what it says on the gravestone!" he said.

Who disturbs my sleeping dust
Will be changed to mortal dust!

I read it aloud. "Isn't that a queer epitaph," I exclaimed. "But you're not superstitious, are you Dick?" I noticed that he had grown pale, but he forced a grin and started to dig. It was when the point of the pick bit into the spongy green sod for the second time that we noticed the smell. It was an odor which warned of death and age and mystic occurences. Richard stared at me in great wonderment, but before he could speak there was a clap like thunder, and a great crack appeared in the grave at our feet. Up from the crack, squeaking and beating their wings, flew two great bats. And following them out came — *IT!*

It flowed out of the grave like a cloud of smoke, yet I saw the bony, skull-like face and the long Indian-black hair that streamed around the scraggly neck. The monster's huge, trap-like hands closed around Richard's throat. I stared in amazed horror, and then I screamed hysterically and ran.... ♦ ♦ ♦

They're holding me on suspicion of murder. Several people saw us enter the graveyard together. Of course, they haven't been able to find the body. They keep trying to persuade me to show them where I hid the corpse after I murdered Richard. Of course, I tell them about the spirit that came out of the grave, but they send the psychiatrist in whenever I mention *that*. I even took them to the cemetery to show them where it happened. But, at the grave, the pick and the lantern were gone, and Richard was nowhere to be seen. And a pile of dust stood by the foot of the grave, and whenever the breeze blew it grew smaller and smaller.

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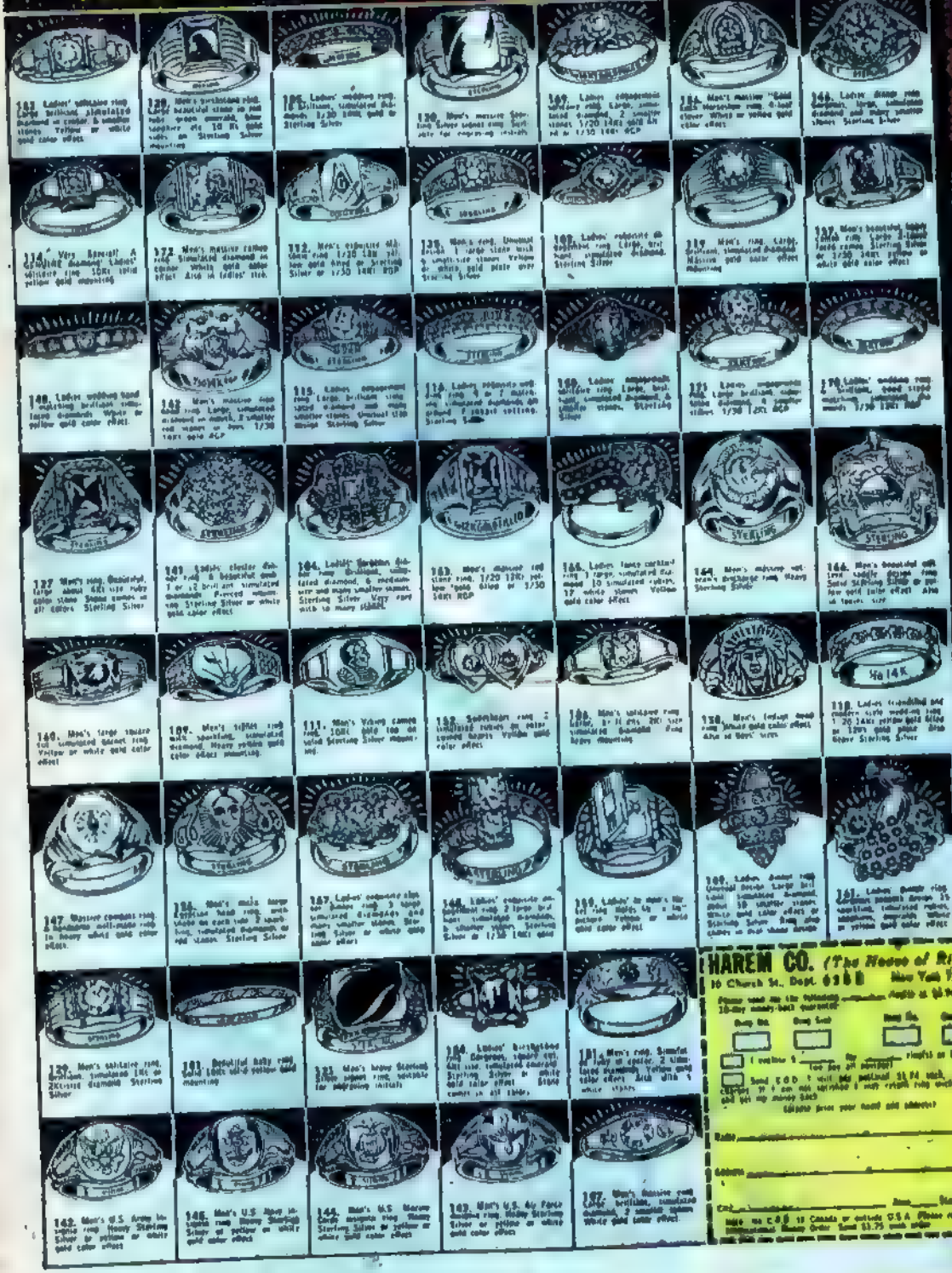

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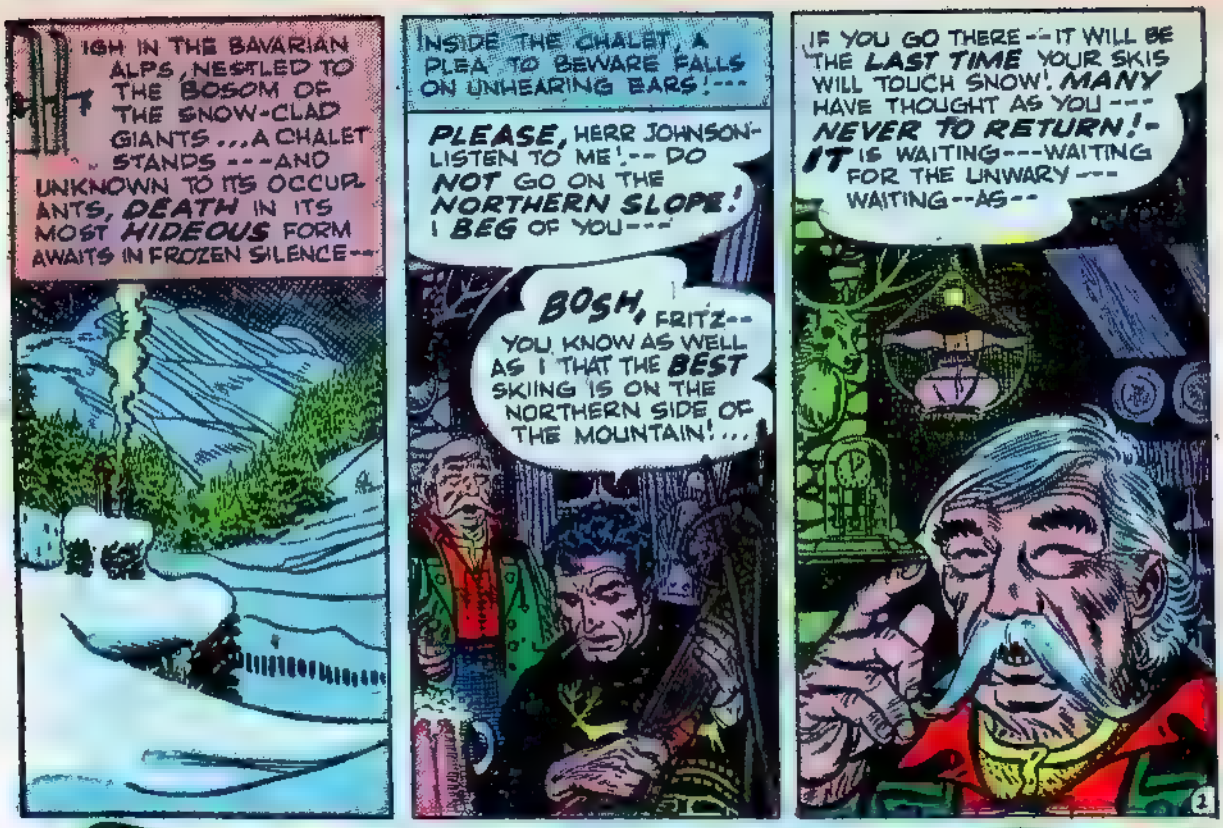
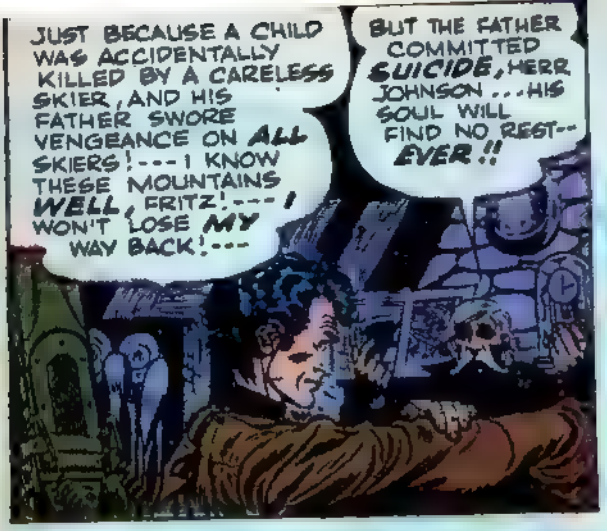
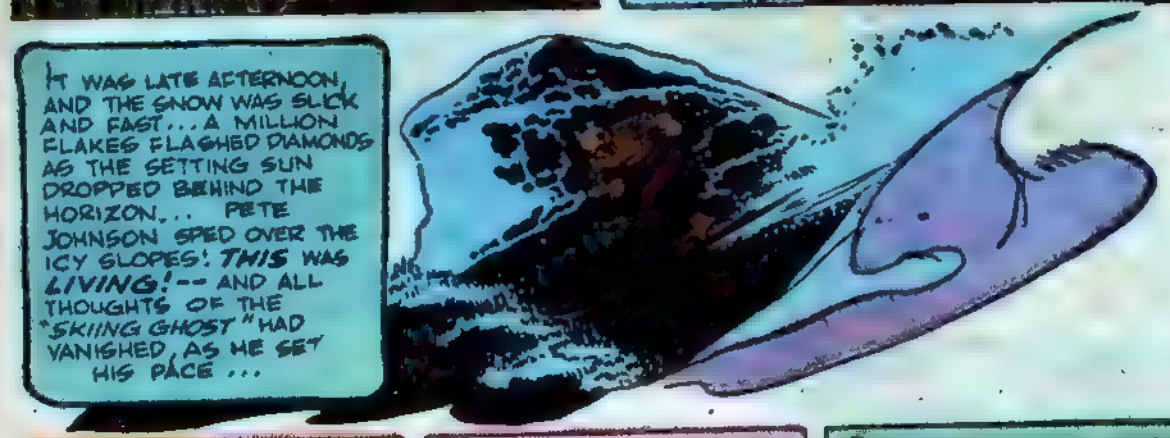


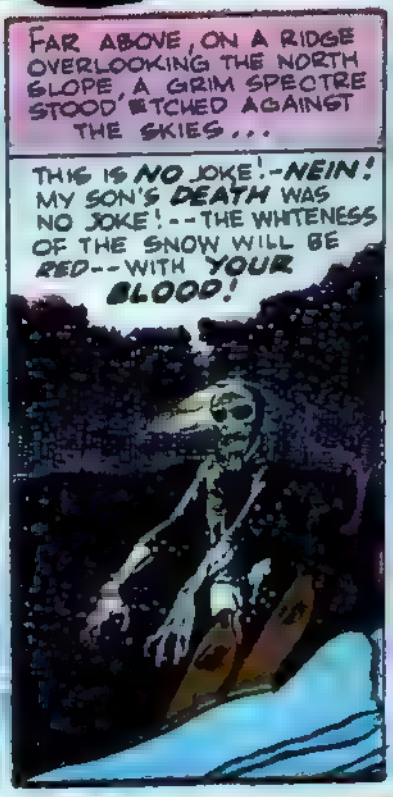
DEATH ON SKIS!!


JUST BECAUSE A CHILD WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED BY A CARELESS SKIER, AND HIS FATHER SWORE VENGEANCE ON ALL SKIERS!--- I KNOW THESE MOUNTAINS WELL, FRITZ!--- I WON'T LOSE MY WAY BACK!---
BUT THE FATHER COMMITTED SUICIDE, HERR JOHNSON ... HIS SOUL WILL FIND NO REST-- EVER!!

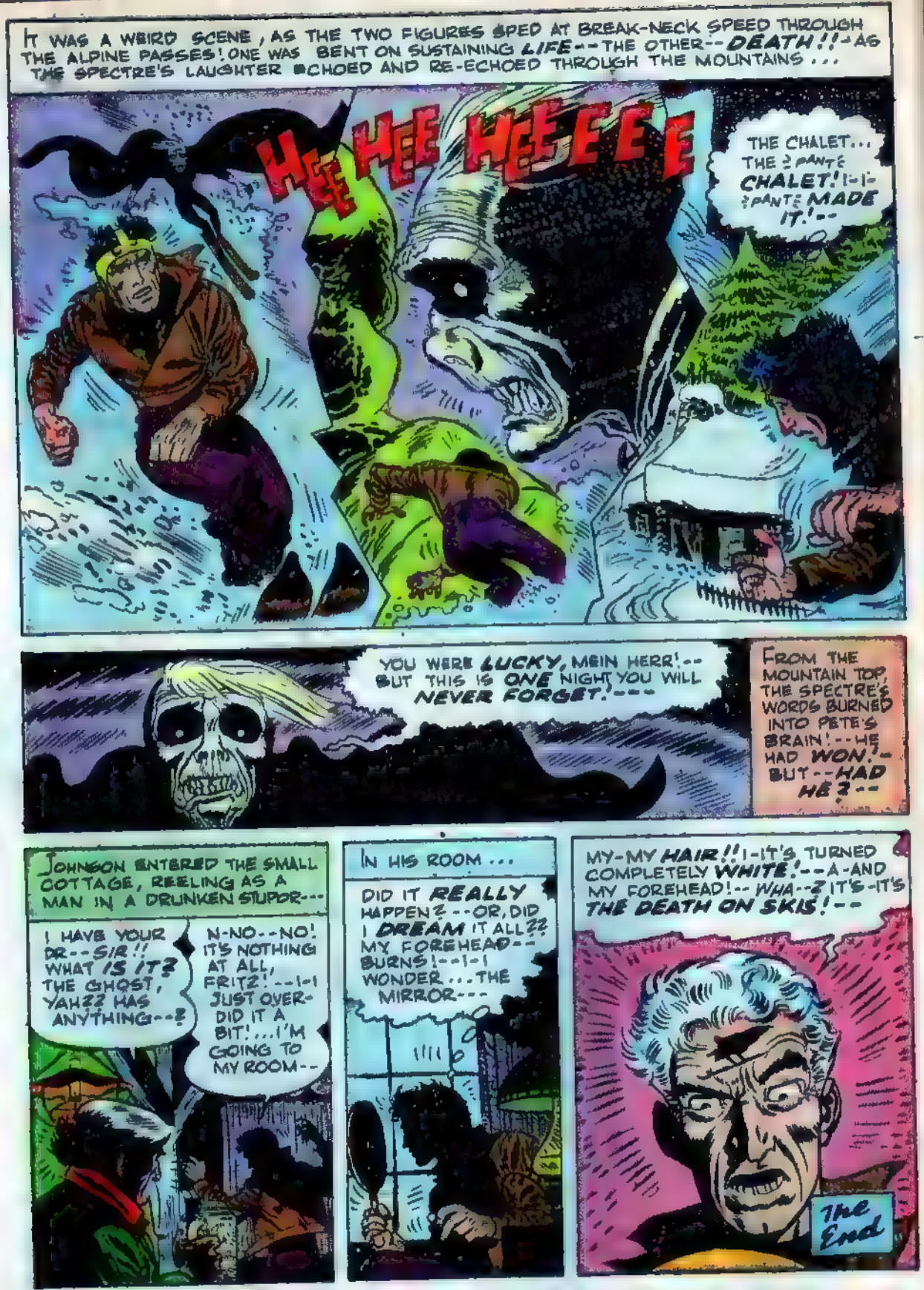
ENOUGH OF YOUR STORIES, FRITZ! I'M GOING!--HAVE A COLD DRINK WAITING FOR ME!---I'M GOING TO REALLY WORK UP A SWEAT TODAY!
B-BUT---YES, MEIN HERR! AS YOU WISH IT!...


IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON, AND THE SNOW WAS SLICK AND FAST... A MILLION FLAKES FLASHED DIAMONDS AS THE SETTING SUN DROPPED BEHIND THE HORIZON... PETE JOHNSON SPED OVER THE ICY SLOPES! THIS WAS LIVING!-- AND ALL THOUGHTS OF THE "SKIING GHOST" HAD VANISHED, AS HE SET HIS PACE ...

THE SUN WAS GONE ... AND THE SNOW SHONE A PALE BLUE--WHEN SUDDENLY---
BREATHE YOUR LAST, HERR JOHNSON!--
WHO'S THAT?-IS THAT YOU, FRITZ?--I-I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR JOKING!...


FAR ABOVE, ON A RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE NORTH SLOPE, A GRIM SPECTRE STOOD ETCHED AGAINST THE SKIES...
THIS IS NO JOKE!-NEIN! MY SON'S DEATH WAS NO JOKE!--THE WHITENESS OF THE SNOW WILL BE RED--WITH YOUR BLOOD!

FEAR SHOOK PETE JOHNSON INTO MOTION!-DEATH HAD CALLED TO HIM!... COULD HE ESCAPE ITS WRATH? AT LEAST HE WOULD TRY!...
HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE RUN, FOOL, RUN!-- SEE IF YOU CAN OUTRUN MY VENGEANCE!
2


IT WAS A WEIRD SCENE, AS THE TWO FIGURES SPED AT BREAK-NECK SPEED THROUGH THE ALPINE PASSES! ONE WAS BENT ON SUSTAINING LIFE--THE OTHER--DEATH!!--AS THE SPECTRE'S LAUGHTER ECHOED AND RE-ECHOED THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS...
HEE HEE HEE E E E
THE CHALET... THE ?PANTÉ CHALET!--I--?PANTÉ MADE IT!--
YOU WERE LUCKY, MEIN HERR!--BUT THIS IS ONE NIGHT YOU WILL NEVER FORGET!---
FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP, THE SPECTRE'S WORDS BURNED INTO PETE'S BRAIN!--HE HAD WON!--BUT--HAD HE?--
JOHNSON ENTERED THE SMALL COTTAGE, REELING AS A MAN IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR---
I HAVE YOUR DR--SIR!! WHAT IS IT? THE GHOST, YAH?? HAS ANYTHING--?
N-NO--NO! IT'S NOTHING AT ALL, FRITZ!--I-I JUST OVER-DID IT A BIT!...I'M GOING TO MY ROOM--
IN HIS ROOM...
DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?--OR, DID I DREAM IT ALL?? MY FOREHEAD--BURNS!--I-I WONDER...THE MIRROR---
MY-MY HAIR!! I-IT'S TURNED COMPLETELY WHITE!--A-AND MY FOREHEAD!--WHA--? IT'S-IT'S THE DEATH ON SKIS!--
The End

Magic Dutch Rock Garden Grows in 4 DAYS

only $1.00

Grows in 4 Days
Lasts for months
in any season

Winter-Summer, Spring or Fall
Grow grasses green and flowers tall.

Boys & girls, here's exciting news. News about something entirely different! Now, you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing magic garden you set up and plant yourself in a few minutes. Grow real grass and flowers in just a few days! You'll thrill to the magic of Mother Nature as you watch the grass sprout and the flowers take root and grow right before your eyes. In no time at all you'll have a colorful, healthy garden—and what a kick you'll get playing gardener, cutting the grass, watering the plants, and tending the lovely sweet-smelling flowers. You can even clip a beautiful bunch of flowers for mom, or friend. All your friends will wonder how you were able to make things grow—They'll all want you to show them how!

EVERYTHING YOU NEED

You get all these items —you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds . . . Magic soil. Lovely flower seeds . . . Practical, attractive container . . . Bright colored metal butterflies. Little Dutch boy and girl . . . American Flag . . . Parasol that opens and closes . . . simulated rocks. Cute ceramic dog . . . Many other exciting features.

Over a hundred square inches of garden — Special wishing pool in the center — An American flag and pole — Two attractive butterflies that look like they're flying — Your own container. Just look at the list!

For Boys and Girls of All Ages

Here's a beautiful garden all your own for just a single dollar bill. You'll have hours of fun. You'll surprise your family and friends with what you know and what you can do!

10 Day Trial FREE

If you are not 100% delighted with this Garden just send it back. We will refund the full purchase price at once. Rush Coupon now!

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. 11
536 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush my Magic Dutch Rock Gardens on approval for only $1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

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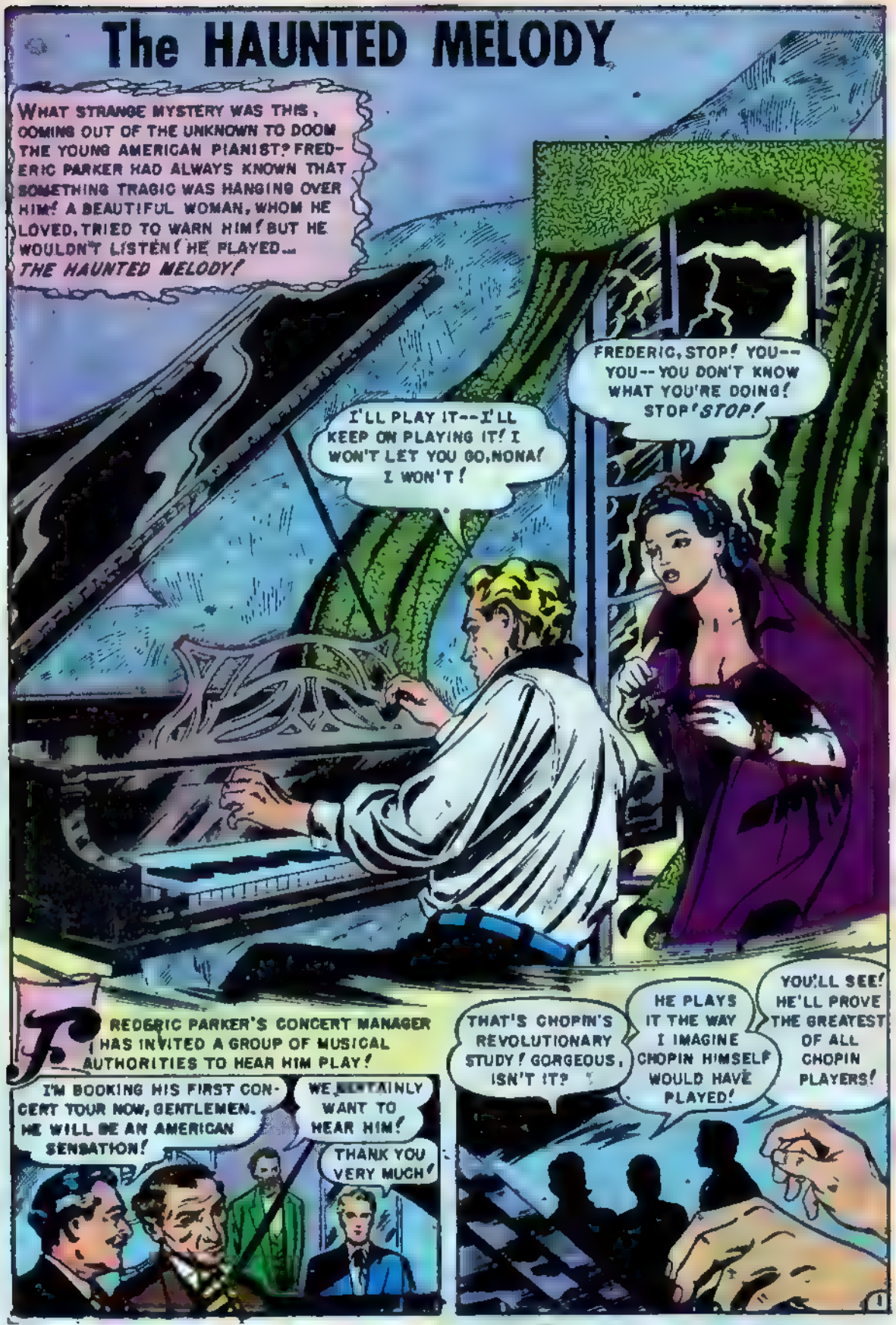
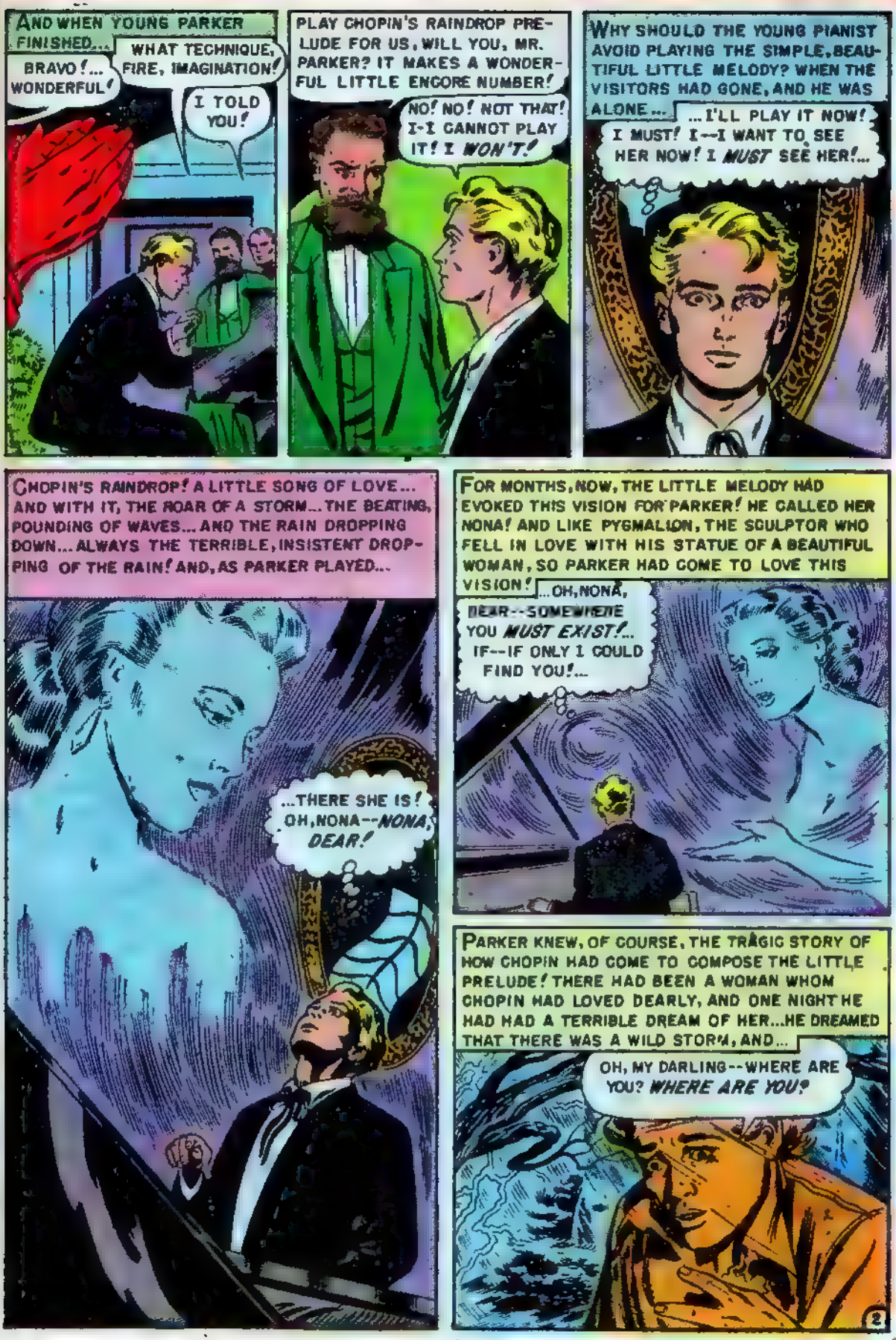
☐ Send C. O. D. I'll pay postmen $1 plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose $1.00 for my garden. You pay postage. Same money back guarantee.

The HAUNTED MELODY




AND WHEN YOUNG PARKER FINISHED...
BRAVO!... WONDERFUL!
WHAT TECHNIQUE, FIRE, IMAGINATION!
I TOLD YOU!
PLAY CHOPIN'S RAINDROP PRELUDE FOR US, WILL YOU, MR. PARKER? IT MAKES A WONDERFUL LITTLE ENCORE NUMBER!
NO! NO! NOT THAT! I-I CANNOT PLAY IT! I WON'T!
WHY SHOULD THE YOUNG PIANIST AVOID PLAYING THE SIMPLE, BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MELODY? WHEN THE VISITORS HAD GONE, AND HE WAS ALONE...
...I'LL PLAY IT NOW! I MUST! I--I WANT TO SEE HER NOW! I MUST SEE HER!...
CHOPIN'S RAINDROP! A LITTLE SONG OF LOVE... AND WITH IT, THE ROAR OF A STORM... THE BEATING, POUNDING OF WAVES... AND THE RAIN DROPPING DOWN... ALWAYS THE TERRIBLE, INSISTENT DROPPING OF THE RAIN! AND, AS PARKER PLAYED...
...THERE SHE IS! OH, NONA--NONA, DEAR!
FOR MONTHS, NOW, THE LITTLE MELODY HAD EVOKED THIS VISION FOR PARKER! HE CALLED HER NONA! AND LIKE PYGMALION, THE SCULPTOR WHO FELL IN LOVE WITH HIS STATUE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, SO PARKER HAD COME TO LOVE THIS VISION!
...OH, NONA, DEAR--SOMEWHERE YOU MUST EXIST!... IF--IF ONLY I COULD FIND YOU!...
PARKER KNEW, OF COURSE, THE TRAGIC STORY OF HOW CHOPIN HAD COME TO COMPOSE THE LITTLE PRELUDE! THERE HAD BEEN A WOMAN WHOM CHOPIN HAD LOVED DEARLY, AND ONE NIGHT HE HAD HAD A TERRIBLE DREAM OF HER... HE DREAMED THAT THERE WAS A WILD STORM, AND...
OH, MY DARLING--WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU?
2

AND THEN HE DREAMED THAT HE HAD FOUND HER!

DEAD! DEAD! OH MY DARLING...

JUST A NIGHTMARE! BUT FOR DAYS THE MEMORY OF IT MADE THE YOUNG COMPOSER SHUDDER! AND...

...UGH! THAT TERRIBLE DREAM--CAN'T SEEM TO THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE! RAIN..RAIN DROPPING DOWN--IT WOULD MAKE A BEAUTIFUL PRELUDE! I'LL TRY IT!

...SO CHOPIN COMPOSED THE IMMORTAL LITTLE PRELUDE WHICH HAS COME TO BE KNOWN AS THE "RAINDROP"! AND THIS DARK NIGHT, AS YOUNG PARKER PLAYS IT...

...OH--SHE'S GOING! NONA, DEAR--DON'T GO!

OH--SHE'S GONE! THAT'S A BAD STORM! GUESS I BETTER CLOSE THAT WINDOW...

A KNOCK SOUNDED AT PARKER'S DOOR! AND WHEN HE OPENED IT...

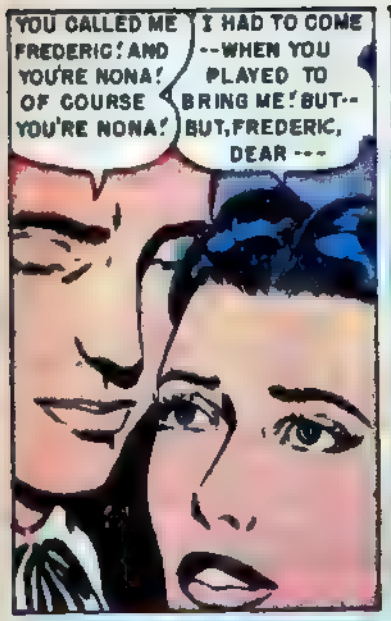
WHY--WHY--COME IN, PLEASE!

THANK YOU! I--I WAS JUST PASSING IN THIS TERRIBLE STORM--AND I HEARD YOU PLAYING! I--I LOVE THAT LITTLE MELODY!

IT WAS SO STRANGE HAVING HER HERE--THIS REALITY OF HIS FANCIES! SHE LOOKED SO LIKE THE VISION...HIS NONA!

YOUR CLOTHES ARE SOAKED! SIT HERE, THE WARMTH WILL DRY YOU!

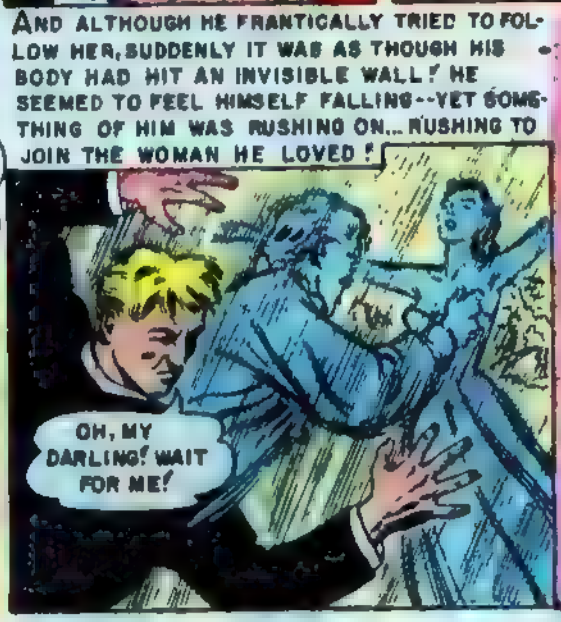
THANK YOU! YOU'RE VERY KIND, FREDERIC!


YOU CALLED ME FREDERIC! AND YOU'RE NONA! OF COURSE YOU'RE NONA!
I HAD TO COME --WHEN YOU PLAYED TO BRING ME! BUT-- BUT, FREDERIC, DEAR ---

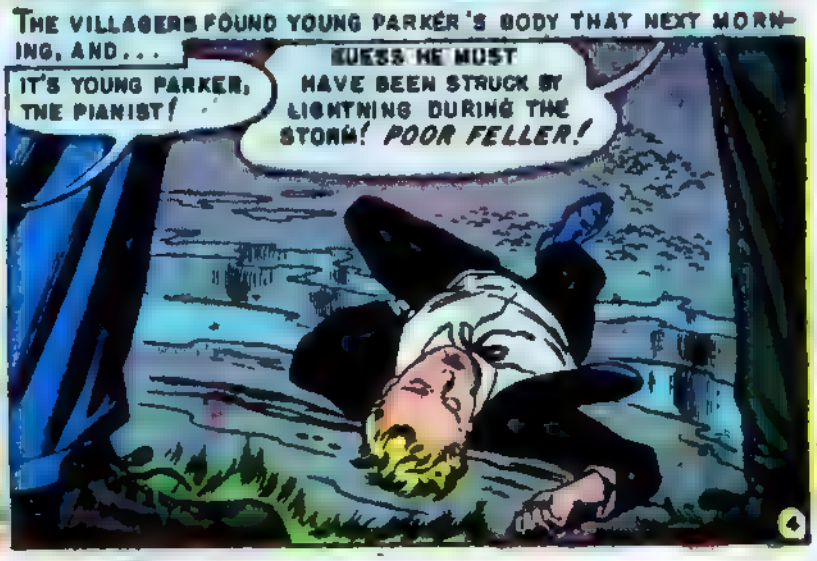
I LOVE YOU-- I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU! I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN IT!
NO! NO, YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU ARE SAYING!

LET ME GO! I--I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S YOUR NAME? OH, I DON'T EVEN CARE! I ONLY KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU!

NO! NO! YOU MUST NOT! I CAN'T LET YOU DO IT! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
DON'T GO! OH, MY DARLING-- I'M COMING WITH YOU!


AND ALTHOUGH HE FRANTICALLY TRIED TO FOLLOW HER, SUDDENLY IT WAS AS THOUGH HIS BODY HAD HIT AN INVISIBLE WALL! HE SEEMED TO FEEL HIMSELF FALLING--YET SOMETHING OF HIM WAS RUSHING ON... RUSHING TO JOIN THE WOMAN HE LOVED!
OH, MY DARLING! WAIT FOR ME!

WAS IT THE ROAMING SPIRIT OF THE LONG-DEAD CHOPIN, LIVING AGAIN IN THE REALITY OF FREDERIC PARKER? WAS IT REINCARNATION? AND HAD THE SPIRIT OF CHOPIN'S LOVED ONE APPEARED TO HIM AS A REALITY TO BRING HIM BACK TO HER? WHO SHALL SAY?


THE VILLAGERS FOUND YOUNG PARKER'S BODY THAT NEXT MORNING, AND...
IT'S YOUNG PARKER, THE PIANIST!
GUESS HE MUST HAVE BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING DURING THE STORM! POOR FELLER!

THE HAUNTED CAVE

The legend of the haunted cave was an old one, and Roger Nelson liked it. Since he had been a boy he had heard about the horrible things which were supposed to have happened in the cavern. And now he and a group of associates had a chance to buy the cave and turn it into a tourist attraction, and these chicken-livered men were hesitating because of a lot of silly superstition!

"You're acting like a bunch of children!" he told them angrily, glaring at the men grouped around the conference table. "This is our chance to clean up a fortune! Don't throw it away!"

"Well, now, Roger, I don' know," old Sam Jenkins drawled. "Seems to me that too many bad things have happened in that cave to be plain accidents. I ain't sayin' it's haunted....but then again, I ain't sayin' it ain't!"

Roger slapped the table top with his palm. "I'll tell you what!" he said leaping to his feet. "I'll spend a whole night in that cave, just to calm your fears. Then will you come in this thing with me?"

They looked at each other in shocked silence. Then old Sam spoke for the group. "I reckon we'd have to," he said.

* * *

It was black, as black as only the inside of a cavern during the night can be. Roger squatted by the banks of the underground river that flowed through the cave. The air was damp and chill, and he shivered slightly. He had smashed in the lens of his flashlight while making his way into the interior of the cavern, but there was two candles in his knapsack, and he lit both of them at the same time in an attempt to take the dankness out of the air. He huddled over the tiny flame.

The wind whistled shrilly into the mouth of the cavern and raced down its length. The airy blast disturbed the clusters of bats which hung from the stalactites on the ceiling; they circled wildly, squeaking eerily as they dipped lower and lower toward the floor of the cavern. Roger listened anxiously to the beating of hundreds of wings. One bat swooped even lower than the rest, and Roger screamed as something soft and furry brushed his cheek and soared up into the inky blackness above.

Another gust of wind shot through the cavern. This time it was even stronger than the first blast, and both of the candles were knocked over and fell into the stream of water that rushed gurglingly by. Other sounds, weird and horrible, began to ring through the cave. The hooting of a pair of owls sounded low and mournful from above. The scuttling claws of great cave-rats scraped along the stone floor, and the squealing of the rodents made Roger grow cold with distaste and loathing.

Now I see how all the rumors got started, he thought. *Any one of these noises could give the place a haunted reputation. Heard together by an over-emotional person, they might well be overwhelmingly terrifying!* A slithering sound to his left caused him to freeze in fright. *Might be a water snake,* he thought. He pulled free the hunting knife at his belt. The rustling, sliding sound was approaching him; now it was only inches away. Suddenly he slashed out at it with the knife. He felt the blade hack into something. Then the thing was writhing and thrashing around in agony. It touched his arm, a cold, clammy strand that felt as thick as a garden hose. He slashed it again and again. Then he broke out into a cold sweat, for he heard more rustling noises. Thinking that perhaps he could drive the snakes off with fire, he ignited his whole pack of matches. He held the flaming pack high—and the beast which was pulling itself out of the water was clearly illuminated. It was like a giant octopus, black and shiny in the light of the flame. Roger had just time enough for one startled shriek. Then the tentacles had wrapped around his windpipe and he was drawn down into the stream of icy water. And in the cavern above, the bats, the rats and the owls continued to make frightened, eerie noises in the inky blackness.

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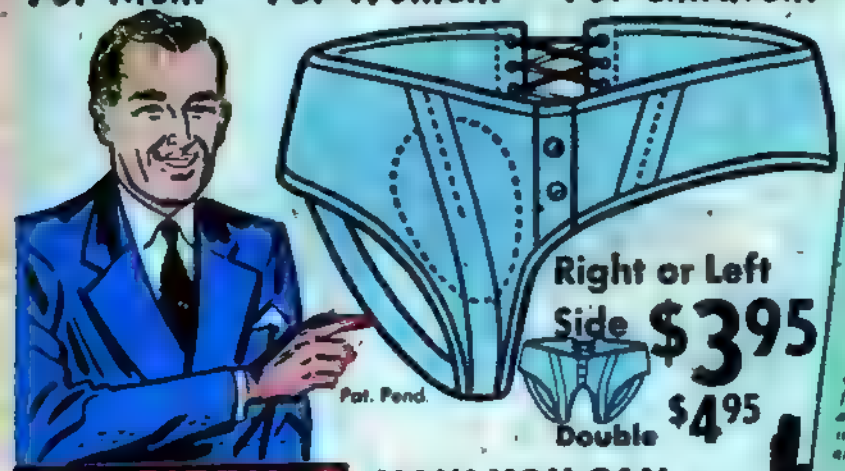
For Men! For Women! For Children!



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R. C. of Corvallis, Oregon, Air Mails: "Send me another Rupture Easer so I will have one to change off with. It is enabling me to work at top speed at my press machine 8 hrs. a day."

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Right Side ☐ $3.95
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Measure around lowest part of my abdomen is _____ INCHES.

We Prepay Postage Except on C.O.D.'s
(Note: Be Sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)

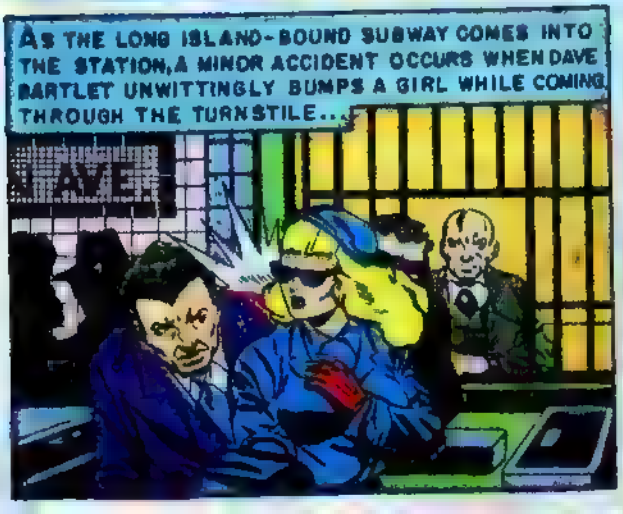
Enclosed is: ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for $_____ ☐ Send C. O. D.

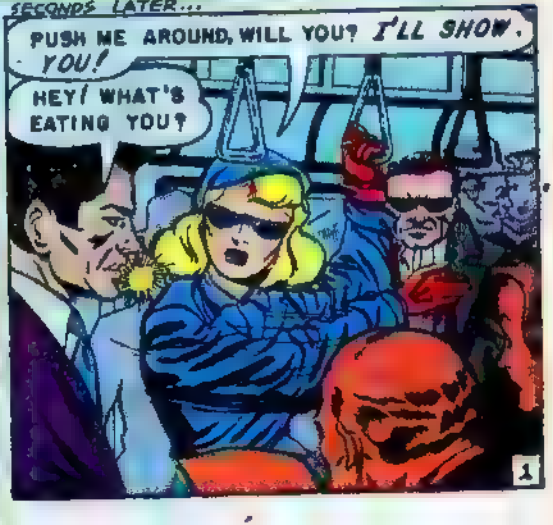
Name _____

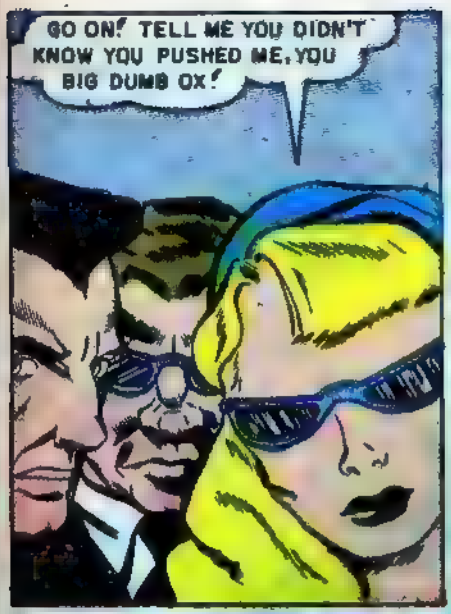
Address _____

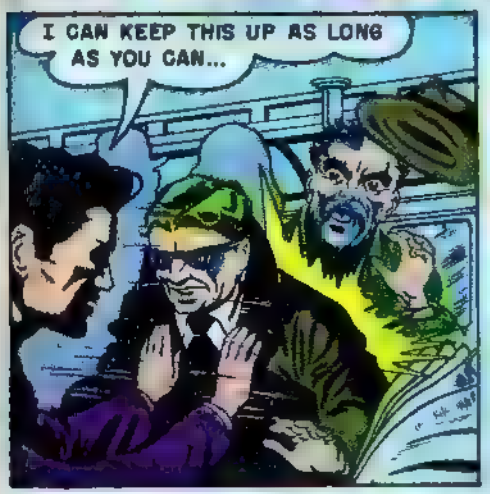
City and State _____

PRINCESS of the SUBWAY

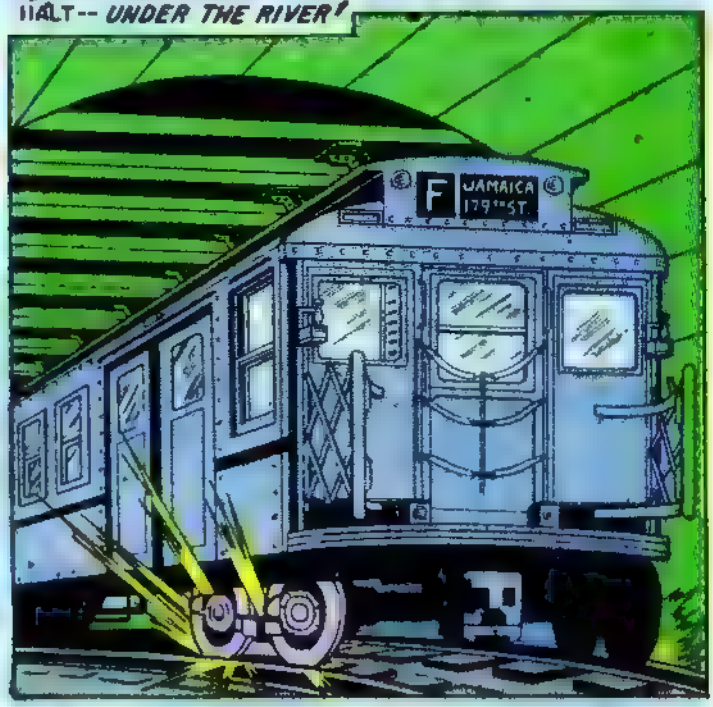


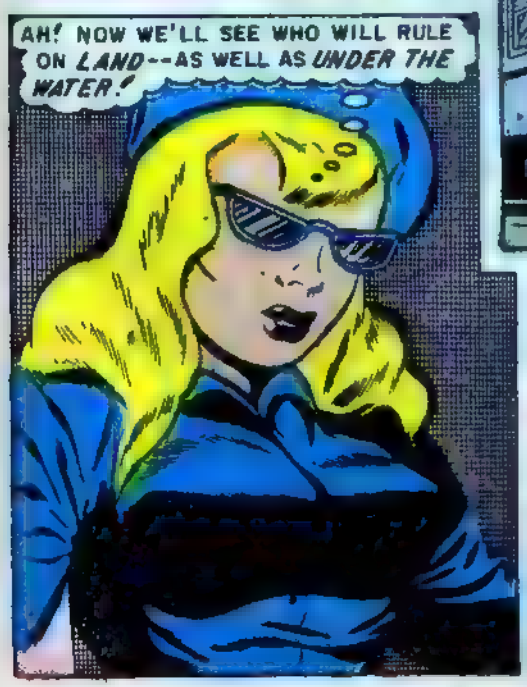






BUT AT THIS MOMENT, THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A SUDDEN HALT-- *UNDER THE RIVER!*





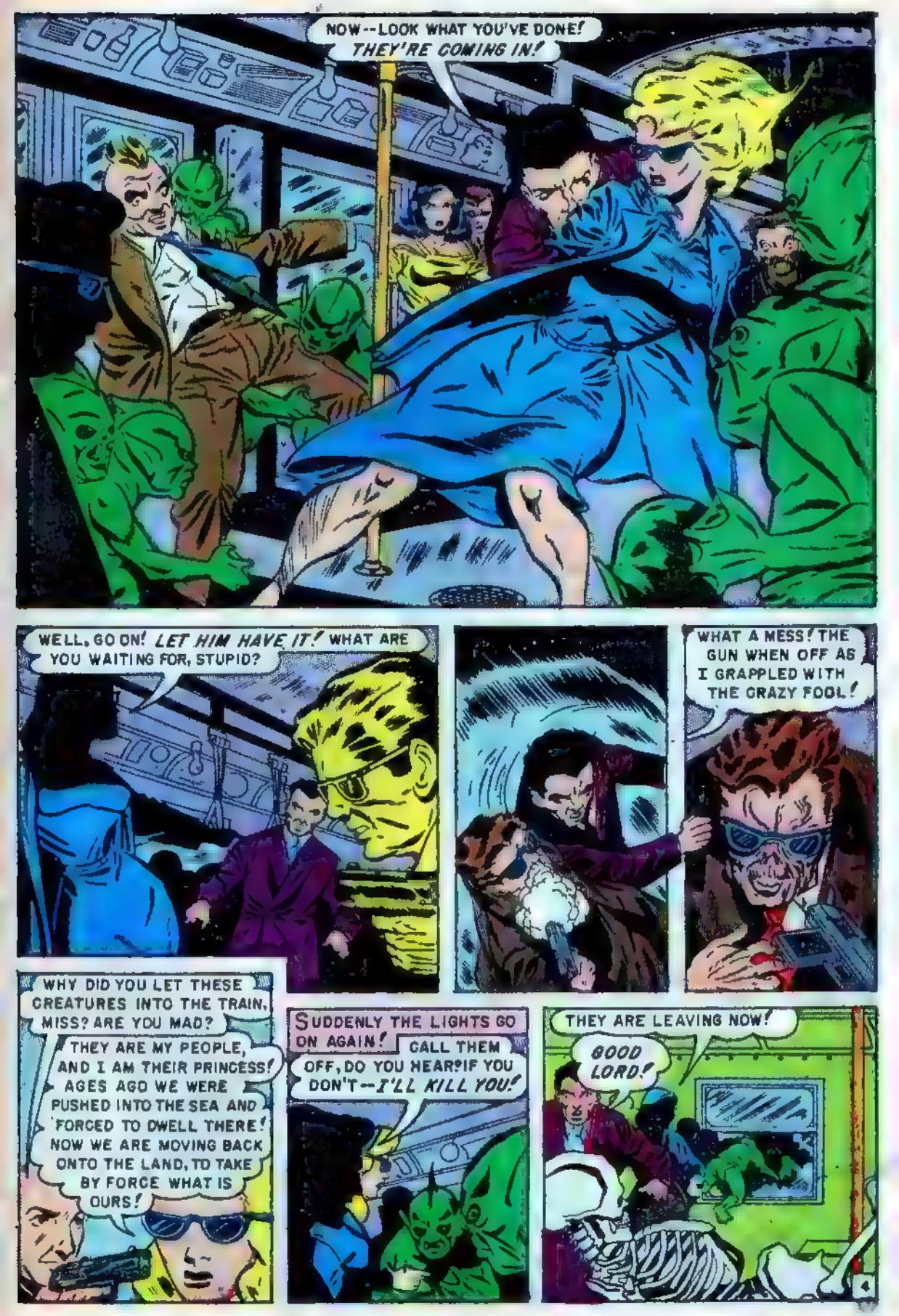
THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND THROW THE PASSENGERS INTO A PANIC!

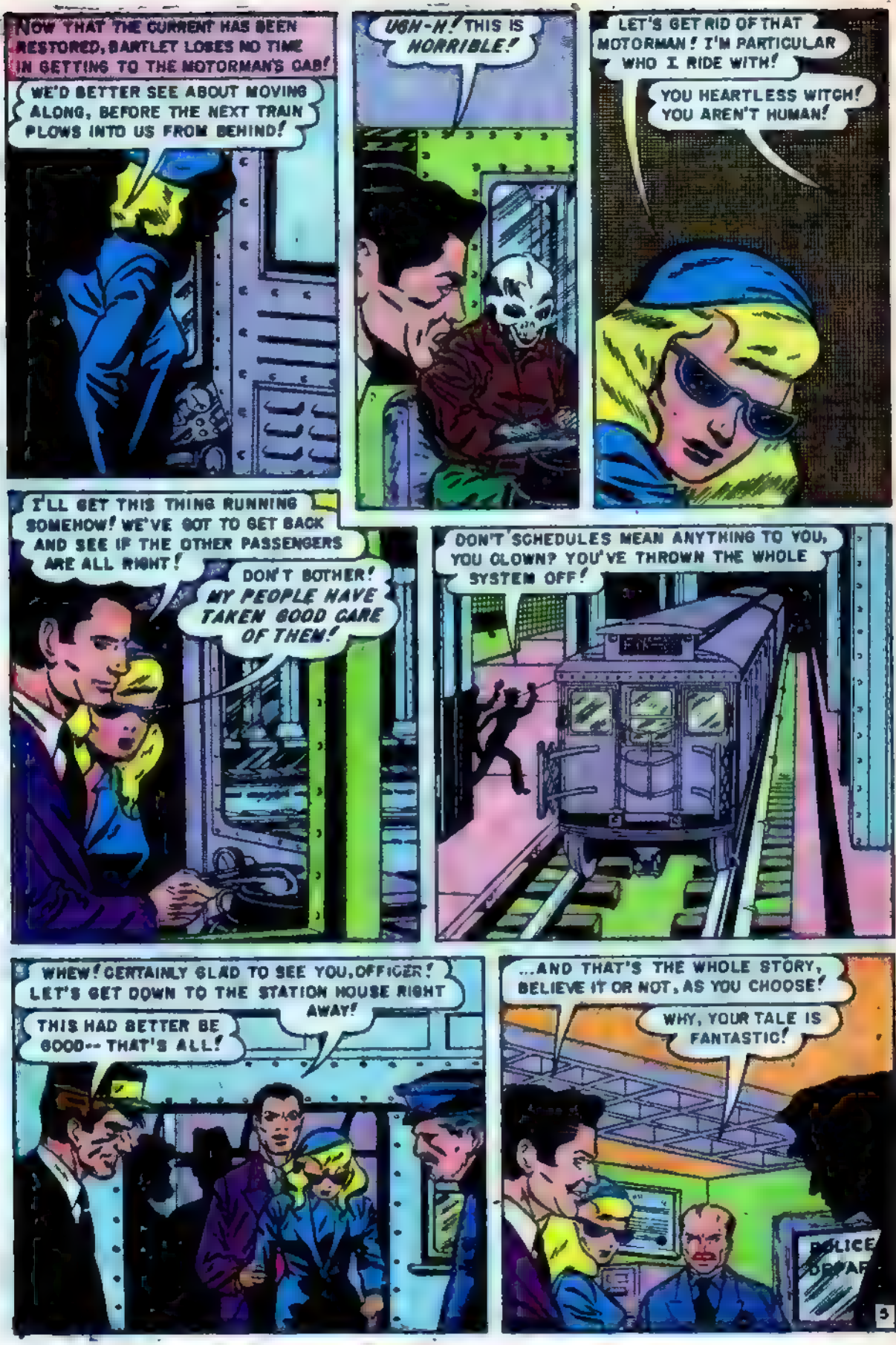
WHAT HAPPENED?

STRIKE A LIGHT HERE, SOMEBODY!

I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE! LET ME OUT!

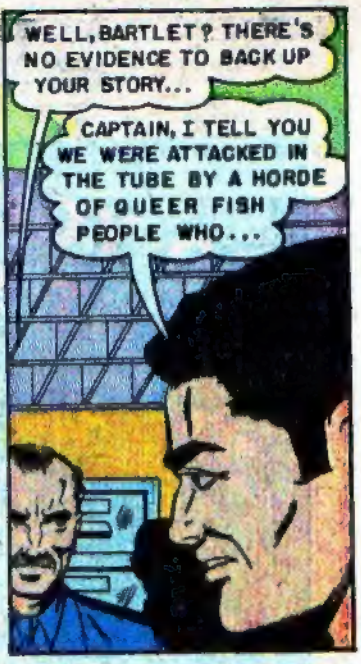
GOOD LORD! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!
QUIET, EVERYBODY! STOP SHOVING, BEFORE SOMEONE IS BADLY HURT!
I HAVE A JOB TO DO! I'LL GO INTO THE NEXT CAR...
SORRY, LADY!
HEY! WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
AS PANIC SEIZES SOME OF THE [illegible], GAUTLET TAKES STRONG ACTION!
CAN'T TAKE CHANCES AT A TIME LIKE THIS, BUD!
GOOD LORD! IF THE WINDOWS ARE GIVING WAY, THOSE CREATURES WILL OVERPOWER US IN NO TIME!
CRASH!
JANGLE!
TINKLE!
LET ME THROUGH, FOLKS! I THINK THAT SOUND IS COMING FROM THE NEXT CAR...
RAOW!
RASH!
JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
3


NOW--LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! THEY'RE COMING IN!
WELL, GO ON! LET HIM HAVE IT! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, STUPID?
WHAT A MESS! THE GUN WHEN OFF AS I GRAPPLED WITH THE CRAZY FOOL!
WHY DID YOU LET THESE CREATURES INTO THE TRAIN, MISS? ARE YOU MAD?
THEY ARE MY PEOPLE, AND I AM THEIR PRINCESS! AGES AGO WE WERE PUSHED INTO THE SEA AND FORCED TO DWELL THERE! NOW WE ARE MOVING BACK ONTO THE LAND, TO TAKE BY FORCE WHAT IS OURS!
SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN! CALL THEM OFF, DO YOU HEAR? IF YOU DON'T--I'LL KILL YOU!
THEY ARE LEAVING NOW!
GOOD LORD!


NOW THAT THE CURRENT HAS BEEN RESTORED, BARTLET LOSES NO TIME IN GETTING TO THE MOTORMAN'S CAB!
WE'D BETTER SEE ABOUT MOVING ALONG, BEFORE THE NEXT TRAIN PLOWS INTO US FROM BEHIND!
UGH-H! THIS IS HORRIBLE!
LET'S GET RID OF THAT MOTORMAN! I'M PARTICULAR WHO I RIDE WITH!
YOU HEARTLESS WITCH! YOU AREN'T HUMAN!
I'LL GET THIS THING RUNNING SOMEHOW! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK AND SEE IF THE OTHER PASSENGERS ARE ALL RIGHT!
DON'T BOTHER! MY PEOPLE HAVE TAKEN GOOD CARE OF THEM!
DON'T SCHEDULES MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, YOU CLOWN? YOU'VE THROWN THE WHOLE SYSTEM OFF!
WHEW! CERTAINLY GLAD TO SEE YOU, OFFICER! LET'S GET DOWN TO THE STATION HOUSE RIGHT AWAY!
THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD-- THAT'S ALL!
...AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, AS YOU CHOOSE!
WHY, YOUR TALE IS FANTASTIC!
POLICE
5

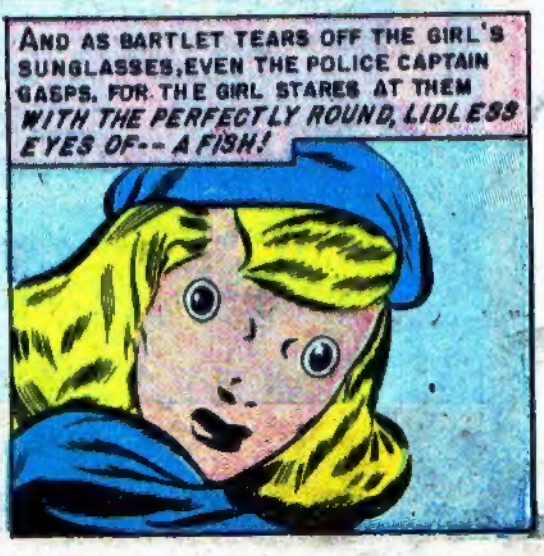
AND WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY ABOUT ALL THIS, YOUNG LADY?
I REFUSE TO ANSWER WITHOUT BENEFIT OF COUNSEL!

AND SHORTLY...
WE'VE EXAMINED THE EAST RIVER TUBE, CAPTAIN. THERE'S A BREAK OR TWO, BUT NOTHING THAT CAN'T BE REPAIRED. NO SKELETONS-- NO FISH PEOPLE-- NOTHING!
THANK YOU, MEN!


WELL, BARTLET? THERE'S NO EVIDENCE TO BACK UP YOUR STORY...
CAPTAIN, I TELL YOU WE WERE ATTACKED IN THE TUBE BY A HORDE OF QUEER FISH PEOPLE WHO...

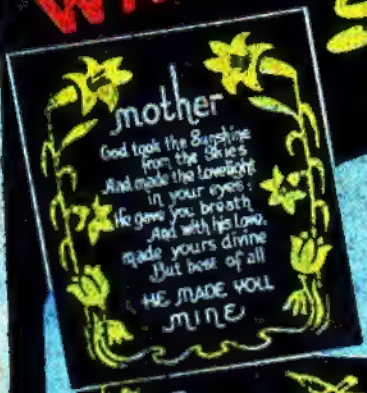
THIS WOMAN TOLD ME HERSELF THAT SHE IS THE PRINCESS OF THESE WATER CREATURES?
MISTER, I THINK YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!

TAKE THOSE THINGS OFF, WILL YOU? IT MAKES ME NERVOUS WHEN I CAN'T SEE YOUR EYES!


AND AS BARTLET TEARS OFF THE GIRL'S SUNGLASSES, EVEN THE POLICE CAPTAIN GASPS, FOR THE GIRL STARES AT THEM WITH THE PERFECTLY ROUND, LIDLESS EYES OF-- A FISH!

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes



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IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP $4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

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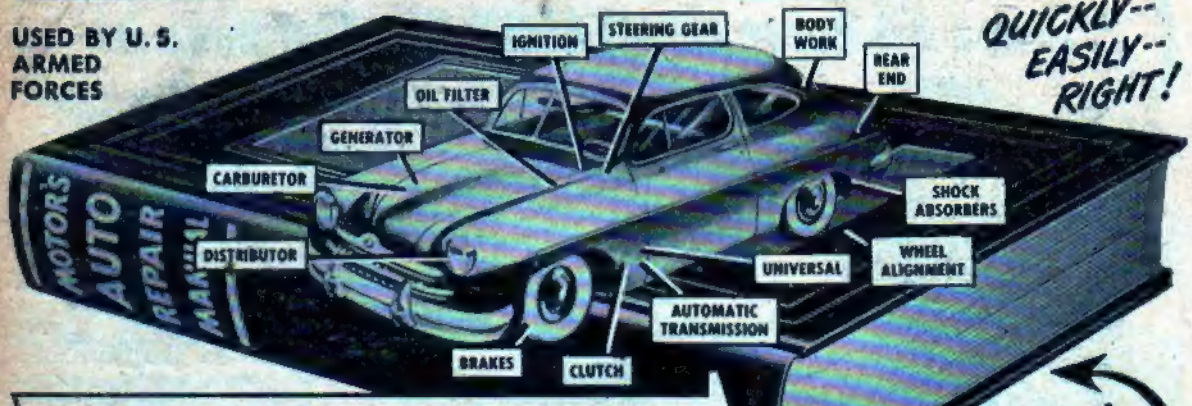

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